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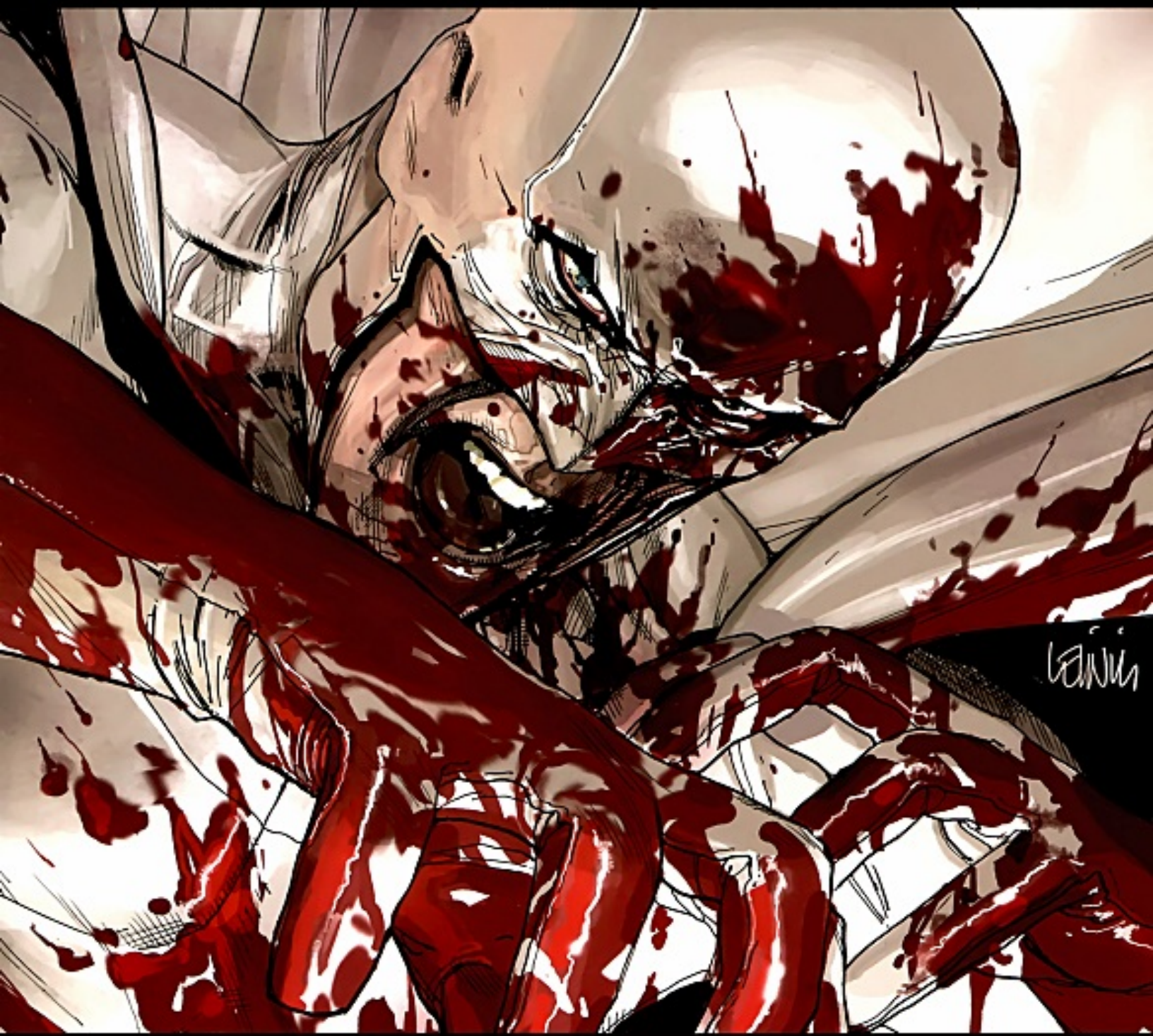

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MILLAR & McNIVEN'S NEMESIS PART ONE

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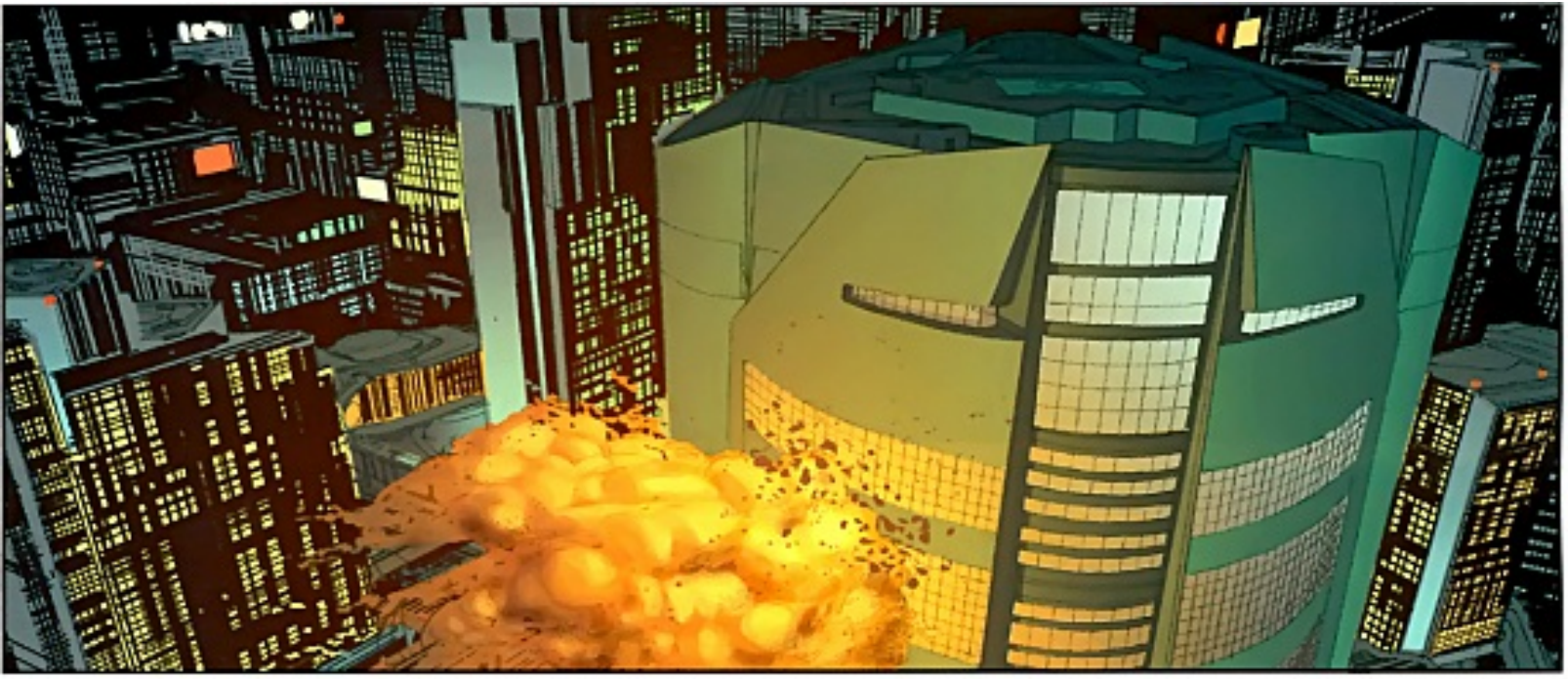
CHAPTER ONE

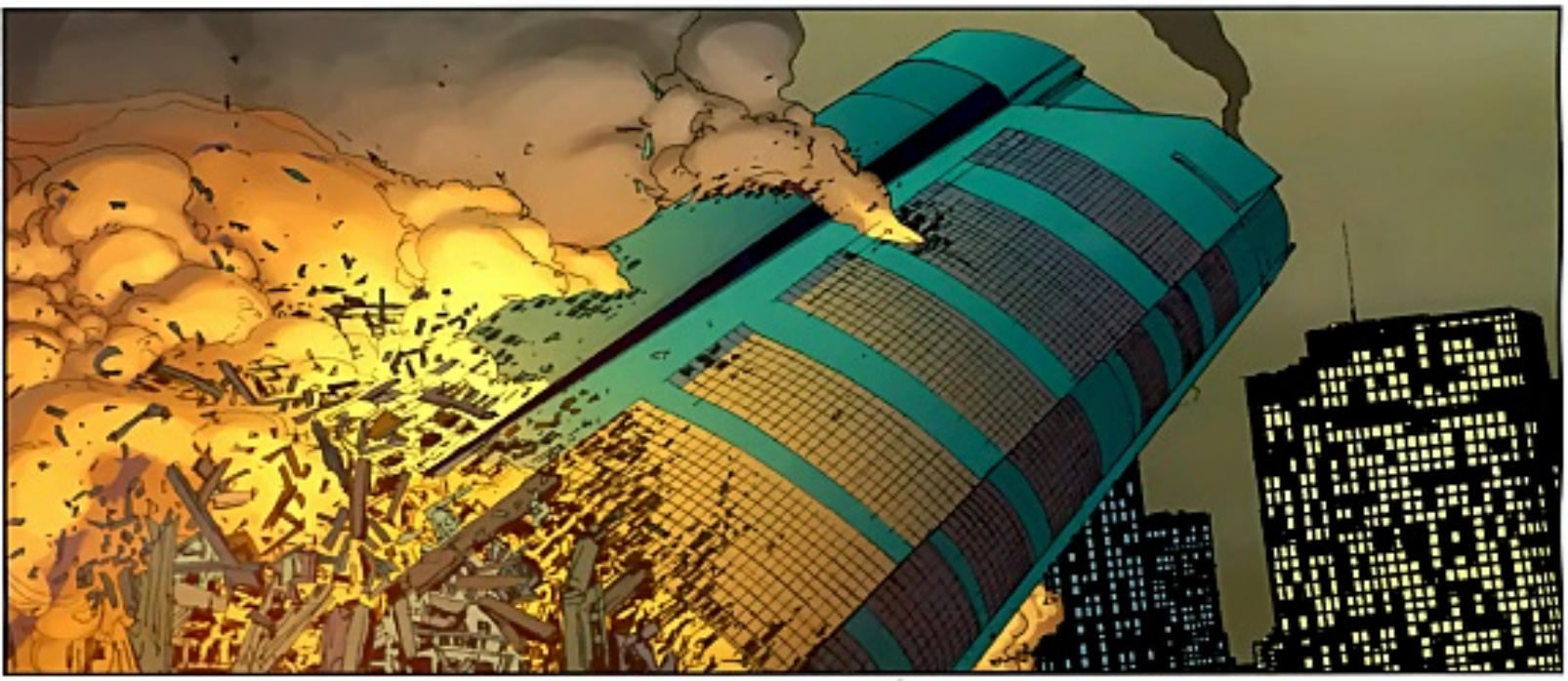
PLAYER ONE, TOKYO:
I think your men are coming to save you, Inspector. Word is some little shit tipped them off.

Do you really think they'll get here in time? Because your department hasn't had much *luck* lately.
The poisoning of the Ogochi Reservoir. The gas attack on the Tokyo Dome. That elaborate theft of the Kusanagi...
For a man with such an impressive reputation, that's quite a list of *failures*.

Well, well, well. I promised you'd die at ten thirty-five, but it looks like they've made it just in time.

Sadly, of course, they're almost two miles away.
Stupid little pricks. You'd think they'd check their *sources*...





YOU BASTARDS!
Oh, please. There's no need for any name-calling. The truth is I'm quite impressed. You did much better than my last three police chiefs.
At least have the decency to end my shame.
All in good time, sir. I said ten thirty-five on that card I sent and the train doesn't come for another twenty seconds.
Train?
What train?
Oh my God.
Backs against the wall, please, gentlemen.

You son of a bitch! You evil little cock! I fucking...

Hilarious! I love it when their last words get interrupted.
Oh, this isn't finished yet, my friend. There's still one *final* detail.

That hotel we hit had a *train line* behind it. Don't you remember? The death-toll can't be counted for another *eight seconds*...

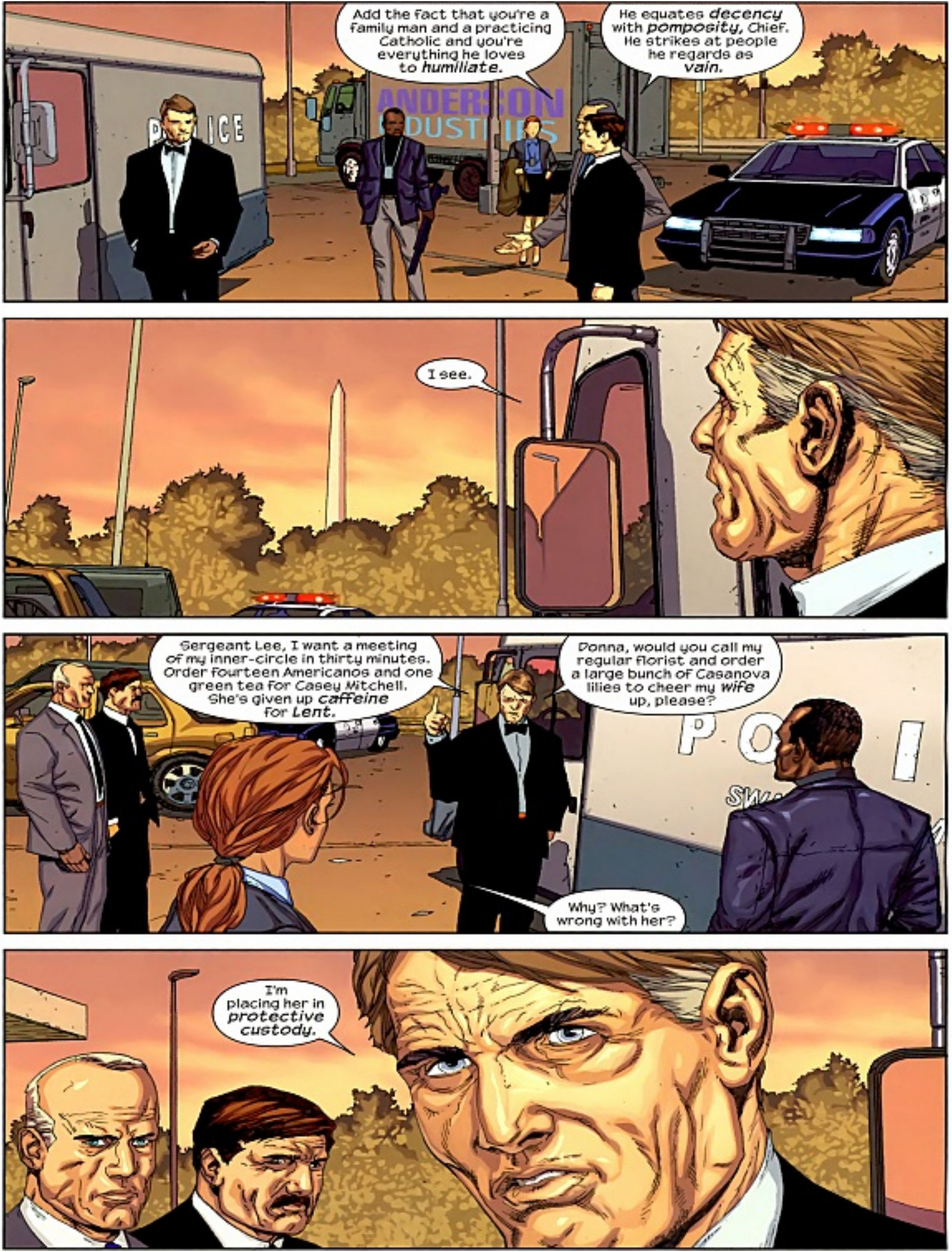
Round of applause, please.
You're a genius, master. Everything worked out to *the letter*, as always.
Where *now*, sir? Who next shall have the honor of the world's only *super-criminal*?
America, I think.
There's a *policeman* in Washington whom I've *long* admired as a worthy opponent.

UNGH!
PLAYER TWO, WASHINGTON D.C.
AGH!
UNH!
UNH!
AGH!

Holy fucking shit...
Take it easy, people. Everything's fine. As soon as you're ready we'll head outside where I've got a team of stress counsellors on standby.
What the Hell? How'd you even get in here, Chief?
Well, crack-heads tend not to count their hostages, son. I just wandered in the back door wearing a baseball cap.
You are something else, boss. I had your job I wouldn't come near this shit.

Language, please, Sergeant Lee. We're supposed to be an *example* here. Now, could somebody call Howard Anderson and let him know I'll be late for *baccarat* this evening?
Chief Morrow? My name is Agent Jerrard and this is Agent Starr. You mind if we have a *word?*
SALE!
POLICE
Only if you don't mind me doing up my tie while you're *talking,* Agent Jerrard.
Mister Anderson and I are playing with a couple *prominent mathematicians* tonight and I'm already fourteen minutes *behind schedule.*
We think your *life* might be in danger, sir.
This is Washington D.C., boys. My life has been in danger since my *graduation photo.*
Yeah, well. This might be a little more *high-end* than you're used to. Are you familiar with the *Nemesis* situation?
OLIC
COMMAND
The cop-killer in *Japan?*
Not just Japan. He's murdered cops in Singapore, China, Hong Kong and North Korea.
But the Japanese attack took things to a whole new level. That's why we got worried when *this* arrived...

Blake Morrow
March 12th at midnight
Flatline still counts
Is this a joke?
Interpol confirmed the typeface and paper stock. It's absolutely genuine.
SALE!
He targets a policeman, moves into town, selects a team from the local hoods and...
I know what he does. I've read the reports. But why would he focus on *me*?
Are you kidding? You're Oprah's favorite cop, sir. The way you reorganized Washington D.C. has been copied by every police force in the country.
Crime is down *sixty percent* since you took over and word is you're getting Homeland Security since Secretary Webb got caught in that *cleaning lady* thing.


Add the fact that you're a family man and a practicing Catholic and you're everything he loves to humiliate.
He equates decency with pomposity, Chief. He strikes at people he regards as vain.
ANDERSON
I see.
Sergeant Lee, I want a meeting of my inner-circle in thirty minutes. Order fourteen Americanos and one green tea for Casey Mitchell. She's given up caffeine for Lent.
Donna, would you call my regular florist and order a large bunch of Casanova lilies to cheer my wife up, please?
Why? What's wrong with her?
I'm placing her in protective custody.

AIR FORCE ONE:
What the fuck?
UNITED

29000

Jesus! There's somebody on the roof! I can hear him running around!
Buzz the pilot and get him to tilt the plane! Now! Do it now!

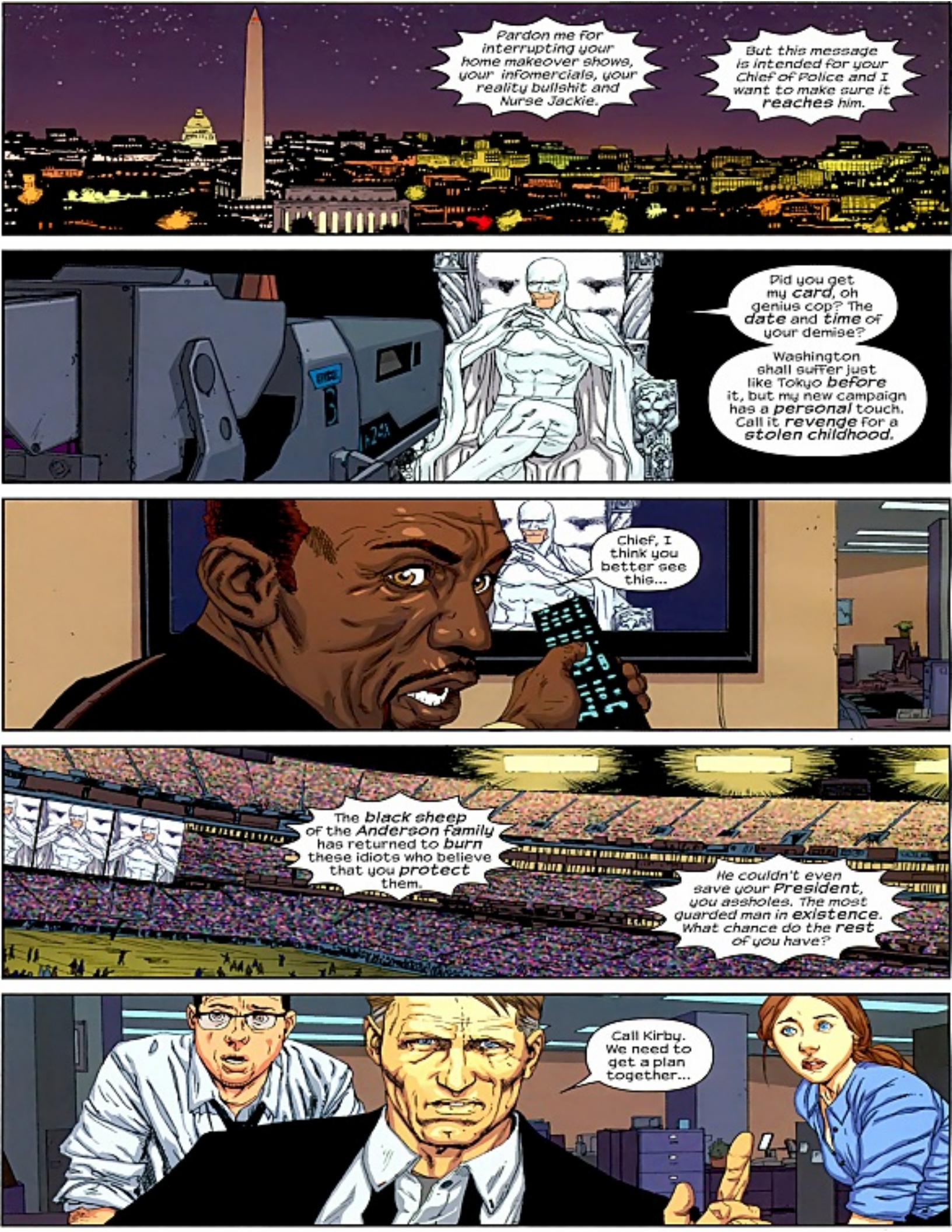
Don't even think about it, Fuck-head...

Mister President!
Shit!
Ground control to Air Force One, do you copy? Do you copy?!
Relax, boys. I know exactly what I'm doing here.

Well, for the most part...
That's right, you little peasants! Run!
RUN!
Down, sir! We're gonna impact!

STATES OF AMERICA

PETROL
Oh God no...


Pardon me for interrupting your home makeover shows, your infomercials, your reality bullshit and Nurse Jackie.
But this message is intended for your Chief of Police and I want to make sure it reaches him.
Did you get my card, oh genius cop? The date and time of your demise?
Washington shall suffer just like Tokyo before it, but my new campaign has a personal touch. Call it revenge for a stolen childhood.
Chief, I think you better see this...
The black sheep of the Anderson family has returned to burn these idiots who believe that you protect them.
He couldn't even save your President, you assholes. The most guarded man in existence. What chance do the rest of you have?
Call Kirby. We need to get a plan together...

It's time you hailed your *new* fucking Chief.
TO BE CONTINUED

AFTERWORD

First up, thanks to everyone who shelled out their dough and bought this comic. It doesn't star anyone you've ever seen in a movie and you have no childhood affiliation to the character. You never dressed up as Nemesis for Halloween, you never watched his TV show and you never played with the action figures. As far as you're concerned, he never even existed before you picked up this book so if you coughed up the cash and bought this comic it means you must have a little faith in me and Steve. Again, thank you for that. The least we can do in return is give you a good read and, hopefully, that all worked out fine.

Of course, you might just be reading this in the store, in which case what are you doing looking at the text page? You should be poring over the spectacular art of the man they call Steve McNiven, bud. I try to cover up his pages with balloons and sound effects (see *Old Man Logan* and Marvel *Civil War* for our previous collaborations), but occasionally you can peek behind all those words and see his magnificent talent shining through. He's the biggest in the biz and we've been talking about doing a creator-owned book for a couple of years now. The very, very simple concept of *Nemesis* (what if this cool billionaire with all those planes, cars and gadgets, put on a mask and waged war on the forces of law and order?) is the bait he finally swallowed. We lucked out on our first two gigs together and hopefully I can ride his coattails again this year too.

By the time you read this the *Kick-Ass* movie should just be out in the UK and is just two weeks away if you live in one of those strange, foreign countries that make up the rest of the world. All indications are that we're looking at something big, possibly even bigger than my Angelina-propelled *Wanted* movie, so all sorts of sharks have been circling this wee character you're holding in your hands right now in the hope of snaring my next new property. It's actually tremendous fun and we've turned down every offer made to our reps, focusing hard on just finishing the comic and making it as good as it can be. But I can't stop thinking how delighted Dave Lizewski must feel when he sees his name all over the *Kick-Ass* posters and hope Matt Anderson and Blake Morrow feel the same twinge excitement as *Nemesis* hits the stands. They're all winners of a charity auction I organized for the special needs school where my brother Bobby works and it's weird to think that they're very likely to make the jump from civilian identities to comic book characters to toys, games and movies in the next couple of years. Huge thanks to them for getting behind such a worthy cause and for having some awesome, quite super-heroic names.

Huge thanks also to the retailers (stand up and bow) who have been pimping this book like there's no tomorrow. Again, with no budget to promote this title, we did everything online and we'd like to say a special thanks to the guys who downloaded our poster and stuck it up in their store windows. On the pages to follow, you can see their names and contact details and I urge you to smother them in cash.

Seriously, buy everything they have even if it leaves you penniless and no money for food or rent, because these guys got behind our little book based on nothing except the buzz from our previous stuff.

That's a risk they took and it's one we're grateful for. Our pre-orders on this were bigger than even *Kick-Ass*.

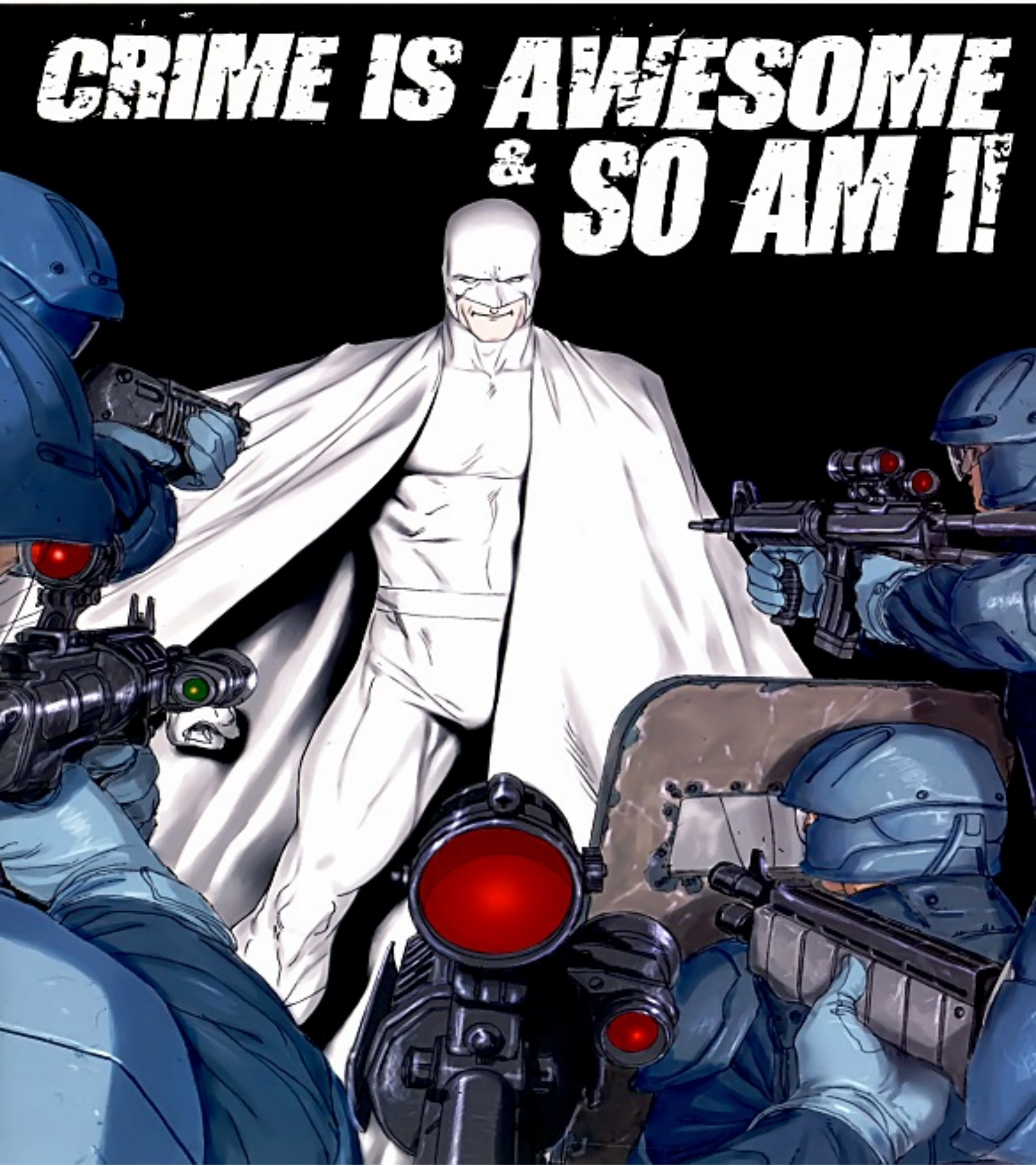
I've loved writing this book. It's something I've wanted to do for ages and as I type these words I'm just fine-tuning the final issue, Steve already started on issue two and feeding me one page at a time to keep me happy. Like *Kick-Ass*, we're literally doing this for free so we can own the rights entirely and believe me there is no greater feeling in the world than owning your own creations. It's like hanging onto your own babies and NOT seeing a pop-star or actress from the other side of the world show up and nick them. It's glorious and very satisfying and maybe just exactly what we need right now in an industry where sometimes we rely a little too much on the work and ideas of other people. It's also worth remembering that without our predecessors we wouldn't even have the kind of deals we have at places like Icon and it's to the men and women who paved the way for creator-owned comic-books that I'd like to dedicate this series.

Fucking hell, that all actually sounded worryingly sincere. I need to head downstairs and pop another couple of flippant pills with my cuppa and get back to my cynical self. Better split and hit to the day-job again (I'm a professional dancer). But Steve and I hope you like our book. If it's as big a hit as the insane amount of buzz around the web seems to indicate, I might even be able to afford that penis-extension I've been looking into.

Much love,

Mark Millar
Glasgow
Scotland

NEXT ISSUE:



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Stipe U, Sons

MINUTEM
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TED TOONS